In Confidence

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In Confidence

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Tristan mistakenly believes that Galahad is an omega, like himself. Galahad doesn't correct him until years later when Tristan goes into heat.

It wasn't that Tristan felt the burning desire to share his secret, in fact in general he was happy to have as little conversation as possible. But there was something sweet and innocent about the young pup and Tristan felt a protectiveness over him that he felt for none of the others.

Not least because of the way they all teased Galahad mercilessly, like a troublesome little brother.

Whilst the teenager might laugh it off, his hurt was clear to Tristan. The way the other knights teased him about his small stature and beautiful features. They called him an omega, as though that were something to be ashamed of.

That thought had given Tristan pause, because he himself had never revealed his true gender for fear of the same ridicule even though he knew they only meant it in jest. Jest that they

couldn't see that had taken too far with young Galahad, the newest of them all, and made him feel alone and unwelcome.

And that was how he had ended up seeking Galahad out one night as the others were in their cups. He found the young man in the stables, brushing down his horse as a way to avoid the revelries and no doubt comfort himself.

"Are you hiding?" Tristan had asked, his gruff voice making Galahad jump as he had not realised Tristan had entered.

"No, I'm not hiding. I'm busy," Galahad had replied, petulant and defensive.

Tristan held his hands up to placate, "no need to take it out on me, pup. I've never spoken an unkind word to you."

Galahad clearly considered his words and had then nodded his agreement.

"Don't take it to heart," Tristan had approached then and placed a hand on Galahad's shoulder, finding it firm and muscular in a way he hadn't anticipated. But then others might say the same of his physique. "They will soon get bored of it."

Tristan had squeezed Galahad's shoulder, meaning to be comforting, before he had turned and started to walk away.

It was the soft, lamenting sigh behind him that had stopped Tristan. He had turned back to the forlorn looking boy and been unable to stop the comforting words he would never utter to anyone else.

"It's alright, pup." Tristan gave a fond smile, talking now in confidence. "We omegas should stick together."

Not wanting to put Galahad on the spot, Tristan walked away without waiting for a reaction.

Five Years Later

Galahad had never corrected Tristan's belief that he was an omega.

For a while he had considered he should, he had even tried a few times in the beginning. Tried to bring it up in conversation, but it either didn't work or he lost his nerve. And then, over time they spent more and more time together and Galahad enjoyed Tristan's company too much to endanger it by telling the truth.

That innocent attempt at support years before played on his mind almost daily. It was what had allowed him all these years to become close to Tristan, as close as two friends might be. But it was also what would break them apart now that he had let it go so long without correction.

He'd had the good fortune so far that his annual ruts had fallen on times when they had been on separate missions. And he was able to pass off that he suffered no heats by taking the

same concoction that Vanora brewed for many of the local omegas. A brew that he knew Tristan also took.

It had been surprisingly easy to get away with it because, over time, all the other knights assumed he was a beta. Not that gender was something they discussed often, but those who were alpha often made a point of wearing it on their shoulder like some sort of status. And because neither he, nor Tristan did so, they were both assumed to be betas despite their taunting.

Until tonight, the fourth night of the third week on this mission north of the wall to curtail the Woads.

Tristan had been more sullen than usual, but also aggressive rather than cheerful when he ran a Woad through with a sword. Whilst everyone had noticed how out of character his behaviour had been the last few days, no one could have guessed the reason why.

Accept Galahad.

Perhaps it was because he knew Tristan's gender that he scented the oncoming heat a few days before the rest of them. The honeyed aroma made it immediately clear why Tristan was behaving out of sorts, less in control. And now this evening he had retired to his tent claiming sickness.

But the scent had been pungent, enough so that all the knights around the campfire gave each other knowing if surprised glances.

Even so, they said nothing, simply steeling themselves against the situation. If they were not such highly trained soldiers, they might not be able to resist the temptation.

There were glances once more when, an hour later, Galahad excused himself.

He didn't go immediately to Tristan's tent, as much as he wanted to. Instead he paced at a safe distance, torn between his desire to help his friend and for their friendship to continue. The fact that it really wasn't a friendship, that Galahad had been in love with Tristan for years made it all the harder a decision to make. That awkward crush he'd had on the omega since they had first known each other, that had blossomed into more as they had grown closer, was something he knew acting on would risk everything.

In the end, cock hard and knot throbbing, his body made the decision for him, instinctively pulling Galahad to the omega's tent.

As he drew closer he could hear soft moaning within. An edge of frustration to it that he knew well from his own ruts spent alone and aggravated.

Galahad cleared his throat.

"Tristan, are you well?" He asked, at a loss of what else to say.

The moaning stopped, replaced by panting as Tristan replied, "Galahad?"

“Can I come in, Tristan? Can I help you?” Galahad tried to keep the desperation from his voice and waited with baited breath for the answer.

Finally Tristan whimpered, “yes” and Galahad pushed through the tent flap the moment it was uttered. Trying as he might to push away the guilt at knowing Tristan was accepting help from a friend he thought to be an omega.

“Help how?” Tristan asked immediately with a frown. He was dripping with sweat, despite having shed everything but his subligar and that was damp with slick.

“In any way you require or desire,” Galahad dared to say, mouth dry. He had of course seen Tristan in a state of near undress many times. They all regularly went to the baths and also would drop into a river or lake if passing on a hot day. But that wasn’t quite the same as seeing his body like this. Hair damp with sweat, his physique a mixture of hard muscles and the soft tell-tale flesh of an omega.

Tristan seemed to consider Galahad’s words for a moment, taking in a few shaky breaths as he too looked Galahad up and down. There was no denying the mutual attraction there and whilst for Galahad it went much deeper, he was sure Tristan’s was simply a result of his situation.

“Our friendship-” Tristan shook his head as he began to protest, but Galahad stopped him.

“-Is precisely why I want to help you. And if needs be then let us set aside our friendship right now and act as strangers if it will help you.”

“You are no stranger,” Tristan replied softly, his expression almost unreadable. It was only that combined with the scent of fresh slick that made Galahad suspect that Tristan might like him as well.

“Have you thought about this before, Tristan?” Galahad asked softly, his heart racing as he pushed himself to lay it all out. Now might be the best and only time to come clean about his feelings. “Have you desired me as I’ve desired you?”

Tristan drew in a sharp breath trying not to let his shock show in his expression, but there was enough of it there all the same as they continued to watch each other. Neither wanting to be the first to break eye contact.

“I… had never been attracted to omegas before knowing you,” Tristan confessed. “I’ve never been attracted to anyone, but as we grew closer…”

It was guilt as much as anything else that made Galahad blush at the words.

“Since my heat started to come upon me, those feelings have only grown stronger. Until I could only believe that you would be perfect if you had a knot. But without, I would still gladly accept you.”

“Tristan,” Galahad breathed out his name as he sank to his knees in front of the omega. Touched by the words but wounded by them too. Though the wounds were of his own doing.

He needed to tell him, there and then it must be said, but before Galahad could say anything else, Tristan had hold of him. The omega, slightly bigger in stature than himself, pulled and then pushed until Galahad was on the ground and Tristan was straddling him.

Galahad was thankful for the layers of armour he had never thought would be needed to protect him from something like this.

Tristan's mouth was on him immediately, kissing him hungrily and he was unable to stop himself from returning it.

It was only when he scented more fresh slick that Galahad stopped and pushed Tristan away, until the omega was looking down at him with aggravated curiosity.

"Stop, a moment. Please. I must confess," Galahad began. Knowing that were Tristan in his right mind he would have already noted the absence of the scent of slick from Galahad. And there was no way to hide his knot.

And he didn't want to. He wanted it firmly locked inside the omega he had loved for years.

The one that might very well be about to reject him.

"Confess?" Tristan cocked his head, "our confession, our desires are the same."

"No," Galahad shook his head, having to hold Tristan off of him. "I'm an alpha."

Tristan's eyes narrowed in confusion, as though Galahad had just spoken a riddle. Finally he shook his head.

"No, you're an omega."

"I'm not, I'm sorry. I-"

Galahad gasped as Tristan's hand was suddenly on his crotch, groping enough through the layers to feel Galahad's hard size and shape, his knot.

With a growl Tristan retreated across the tent into a nest of furs.

"Leave," he demanded, his scent turning sour.

"I tried to tell you so many times in the beginning," Galahad insisted.

"You didn't try hard enough!" Tristan bit back.

"No, no I didn't. I should have. But I loved being around you and I wanted more of that. I should have told you but like all other dumb alphas I was selfish and didn't want to lose your company." Galahad admitted, the words all spilling out. "My only defense is that I was young and foolish. And by the time I was old enough to realise the importance of this omission, it felt too late to correct it without losing you entirely."

"Omission," Tristan sneered.

“I never told you I was an omega, you told me. And I, shamefully, never corrected you.” Galahad pushed.

Tristan paused at that, perhaps recalling that conversation of years before. What Galahad said was true, he had never himself said that he was omega.

Tristan looked away and Galahad took the opportunity to crawl over to him.

“Forgive me?” Galahad asked, “Please… let me help you.”

Tristan let out a shuddering breath as he looked back at Galahad, another wave of fresh slick scenting the air.

“I desire you, I have been fond of you for a long time and… I want you,” Tristan replied, settling back against some furs and spreading his legs.

Galahad’s breath hitched at the sight.

“I need you now, pup.” Tristan growled.

Galahad moved quickly, burying his face between Tristan’s legs desperate to taste him. Only to have his hair gripped tightly and pulled back so hard it nearly came out at the roots.

“Now, alpha.” Tristan tugged at Galahad until they were level and Tristan pressed their mouths hungrily together.

Galahad moaned into the kiss as he positioned himself between the omega’s legs, teasing his cock over Tristan’s wet entrance.

In response, Tristan growled and nipped at his lip, “now.” He moaned and arched, the movement causing Galahad to slip inside him. The both groaned at the sensation and Galahad couldn’t hold back from pumping his hips, going immediately deeper and until his swelling knot pressed against Tristan’s hungry hole.

“Pup,” Tristan groaned, clawing at his back and legs wrapping around his waist as he tried to pull Galahad deeper and deeper.

With a grunt Galahad fucked into him hard and deep, wanting to pleasure and sate the omega. Wanting Tristan to want this again and again.

“Tristan,” Galahad grunted the name as he thrust harder and deeper, “I want you. Want you to be mine.”

Tristan moaned and arched against Galahad, taking him even deeper as his knot pressed against him. Galahad nuzzled, pushing Tristan’s longer hair aside so he could lick and nip at his neck.

“Yes,” the omega gasped, one hand in Galahad’s hair, gripping tight and pressing his face into his neck.

Galahad's heart was racing at the words, his hips jerking as he pressed against Tristan's hole, grinding until it started to stretch around his knot.

"Pup, please," Tristan groaned, his hole clenching.

And that was enough to spur Galahad into action.

With a grunt he pressed forward, his knot breaching Tristan at the same moment his teeth sank into the omega's neck, claiming him.

Tristan cried out, his come spilling wet between them. Galahad followed just after, filling the omega with his hot seed.

When Galahad drew back, his teeth wet with Tristan's blood and a little fluid from his scent gland, they gazed deeply into each other's eyes.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell you," Galahad said, "but I'm not sorry this happened."

Tristan let out a huff and slight growl, amusement and a reprimand in one.

"I'm sorry for my assumption… but I'm not sorry about this. My alpha."

With a grin Galahad leaned in and once more kissed his omega.

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